

The Sting of It

DENISE UTT

If I could retire
I wouldn't have to commute
to the whims of the wind
or dodge a reckless, driving rain
that can make lame my wings.

I could tango around ladies
who dangle mint juleps,
trace my lineage from Clover
to the Fields of Lavender
or buzz like a little plane
losing fuel, going down.